word about the man with the short hair and heavy mustache, who walks with a

DESPERATE SWIM FOR LIFE.

Thoughts That Came Before He

Found He Could Wade Ashore.

It was the second mate of one of the great

interlocutor, a passenger, promised that he

"Well," said the sailor man, but without

a coast that I shall remember the longest

the boat was, nearly a mile away, drifting

ashore as fast as the water could carry it.

There was not a soul to be seen, and if

there had been it would not have been an

easy matter to get him to know what to do.

"The captain accepted my proposal very

tle thinking what was in store for me. So

un, but I soon found I had bit off more

than I could chaw. The shore was further

off than I had figured, and I could see a few ominous-looking clouds, which indi-

cated that the wind was rising, which might

however, getting more and more exhausted

up my motions as well as Icould, but I knew

I was doomed. The water began to sing in

would get the news, I wondered whether my body would be found and get Christian burial, or be carried out into the lake and

find a last resting place there. It did not worry me much on my own account—I had

ceased to care for myself, but I hoped somehow, for the sake of my family, that I

should be washed ashore and that some-

body would have my body carried home. I

speculated also as to the captain's getting his boat, and felt quite sorry when I

"I don't know how long it took me to think of all this. Probably it was not more

than a minute, but it seemed to be ages, and all the time I was feebly moving my arms and feet and just keeping my head above water. Meanwhile I had got perhaps within half a mile of the short. I

made up my mind-or rather it made itself up-that this was just as good a place to

be drowned in as any other, and, aban-

"It did not take as long as I expected it would to reach the bottom. In fact, I struck it with both hands and feet about as soon as I had fairly stopped moving. I

kept my feet on it, and, straightening up,

found that the water came up to my waist. I suppose I ought to have fallen on my knees in thankfulness, but, instead of that,

I waded ashore the maddest man on the coast. I got the yawl and sculled it back to the schooner, which was waiting at an-chor for me, and as I went back I had the

curiosity to take the soundings and found that I had been exhausting myself swim-

ming for more than a mile where the water

"Was the captain glad to get you back?"

"Blast the captain!" was the response "All he said was, 'You confounded fool,

didn't you know that there was a mile and a half of shoar water all along the cost."

JOSEPH COOK AT CHICAGO.

He Did Not Shine as a Christian in

the Congress of Religious

The surprising part of the gathering in question is that almost the only narrow-

ness that has been displayed has come from the representatives of the so-called

Protestant creeds. The men whom our Congregational, Methodist and Baptist

friends are wont to call "heathen" have

listened courteously and attentively to ev-erything that has been said by reverend

gentlemen who disagree with them. Not a word of criticism of other beliefs has fallen from their lips. Their conduct seems to have been molded upon the precepts of

St. Paul regarding the wondrous virtues of charity. Under bitter denunciations they

have maintained self-control, and have not seen fit to "answer back." They have exhibited the utmost toleration for the opinions of others and consideration for the

feelings of others. It would be pleasant

to be able to say as much for some of the more "modern, enlightened and edu-

cated" Christians. But it is impossible. It

seems odd also that Boston, the supposed

center of enlightenment, should have sent to the gathering the man who among the

narrow-minded men present stood out con-

latan. Annie Besant is weak and illogical."

"The Catholic Church is attempting to found a new empire in America."

thodox Protestantism."

in the world.

"There is no truth in anything but or-

at the places and in the manner in which they were said? The truest Christian in the

world is he aho makes the world better

and does the most practica, good to the men

Proving It to Her.

A Fresh Outrage.

Algy Fitz-Morgan didn't like summer

"Yes; but the White Caps got hold of

him and burnt his trousers at the stake."

was not more than four feet deep."

the sailor man was asked.

Letter in Boston Transcript.

doning motion, I sank to the bottom.

thought he might never see it again.

Detroit Free Press.

day I live.

I came aboard.

# ne rogress

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Knee Pants Suits \$5.

The variety is large; quality allwool; fit perfect; make the bestworth \$6, \$7 and \$8. To-morrow and Tuesday only \$5.



Overcoats and Ulsters \$5

Certainly we've got them, and the kind that have some style about them; rightly made, and will fit. Worth \$6, \$7 and \$8. To-morrow

## \$5--Children's Overcoats and Suits--\$5 SPECIAL SALE TO-MORROW AND TUESDAY. SPECIAL SALE To-morrow made clothing to quote low terfere. Fancy the milk of human kindness rising from that diet! I was shown to a seat in the court room, and began to take things in there at once. Now, "I have been the world around." The world is my home; not one little spot of it, but all of it. Does the knowledge in June that the sun is shining gloriously over Norway at midnight spoil my early evening sunset.

We don't hunt around for a lot of poorly made clothing to quote low prices on, but take our own fine goods—the kind we have always sold—the best-and make a big reduction on them that special attractions may be offered Monday and Tuesday.



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LILLY & STALNAKER, 64 East Washington St pit and on the stage; and, of course, we

The Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$2 Per Annum

PAINTED BY A WOMAN

| Cool and collected, knowing just what they are going to say, he sits, living the supremest moment of his life. This law, order, judgment, trial, punishment is right. It is our civilization. Still may one say, of all prisoners, "God have mercy upon them," for there is none other that fightern for us, but only Thou, oh Lord!

I must not close this article without a word about the man with the short hair

Spring Assizes at York Castle, with All the Ancient British Dignity, and Our American Tribunal.

Peg Woffington, in New York Recorder. I was asked to attend Frank Elliston's trial and write my impressions of it. All I knew about "trial by jury" and the majesty of the law I learned during the spring Assizes at York Castle a few years ago. York is one of the oldest cities in England, and one of its oldest ruins is Clifford's Tower, around which the modern prison buildings are erected. There are three law courts, the Criminal, the Nici Prius and the Debtors'. It was from the magistrate's box in the Criminal Court that I made my observations. At the commencement of the trial the judge and jury seemed to stand on the same plane-strict neutrality. The counsel for the prosecution and the counsel for the defense seemed a thousand miles apart. The clerk of the court, who administered the oath to witnesses, was a most impressive person. "The evidence you shall give before the court and jury sworn, sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, and the prisoner at the bar, truth, whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!"can't remember all the words, but after hearing them spoken in that tone of voice who could help telling the truth?

The general impression was the awe inspired by the entire proceeding. The vast court room was perfectly quiet. If a note or paper was to be passed to a barrister it was slipped into a cleft in the end of which seemed as long as Valkyrie's mainmast, and found its way across the great green table to where be sat. Every official was in uniform. The leading idea seemed to be that each person there was in the presence of Justice and rendering homage to it. The profession, the trade, the practice of law, was lost sight of—you saw only disciples of Justice.

With all this in my mind, I set out to watch the Ellison trial. It didn't take me long to get rid of the supply of awe I had brought with me. I confess I felt easier without it, personally, though for some time I couldn't reconcile myself to the lack of it in the others.

NO DIET FOR A JUDGE. I arrived during recess and was told that the recorder was at luncheon, but he wouldn't be long, as he only indulged in a green apple and a glass of water. Poor at midnight spoil my early evening sunset down the bay in New York? Oh, no! I down the bay in New York? Oh, no! I bask in its rosy light, and, all else agreeing, am happy as a sand boy. I wanted to see this court. The newspapers had made me familiar with all the notables. I recognized them as they entered. First the recorder. He has a fine face, though very stern. His high Roman nose, compressed lips and keen glance assure you he misses nothing. He is on the alert. How a smile improves him!

I saw him smile twice. The first was a little winterly gleam that quickly faded, but it made a different person of him for the moment. The second was quite an open, expansive smile. I was glad to see it. It quite obliterated the green apple for the time being. I thought that he could be really jolly occasionally, perhaps at Xmas and Thanksgiving, or when Judge So-and-So was telling one of his own really funny stories. I wished he would smile oftener. I'm sure it wouldn't do any harm. I hope he will go to the yacht race and get some he will go to the yacht race and get some healthy tan on his face. It is too pale, I like the Recorder, and yet I don't think I would choose him to pass judgment on me. He has such an inexorable look. I believe he would be just to the very letter,

"We all pray for mercy, And that same spirit doth teach us all to The deeds of mercy."

Speaking of mercy, suppose we go to Mr. Vellman. Ah, that's a versatile gentleman indeed—full of expression, not alone in his face, but in his entire body, especially his shoulders. They betray whether the bomb he has just launched into the enemy's camp is real lead and iron, or merely papier-mache filled with fireworks. For, the more spit, fuzz, splutter and bang there is in the imitation bomb the more full of expression. imitation bomb the more full of assurance, audacity and bounce is Mr. Wellman. He really makes a delicious study, reminding one of the picture of the boy with wide-open, guileless eyes, declaring, "I haven't stolen your cat," and yet the head of the cat in question protrudes from the front of his ragged jacker. He is in that court of his ragged jacket. He is in that court to prosecute, and he does it from the shoulder. He doesn't care who knows it. He takes the wise men of Gotham by surprise, rushes in, razzle-dazzles the witnesses and scores a big point, while they are wondering "where he's at." Then he sits proudly on his chair, the speech of the immortal "Jack Horner" radiating from every square inch of his body.

What he can do in the diplomatic, "Suavi-ter in modo, fortitor in re" style I can't imagine. With all his versatility I think imagine. With all his versatility I think he must leave that for more secretive men. Mr. Wellman can't help showing his weapons. When he becomes a judge I fear that during murder trials he will keep the black cap, that awful symbol of doom, lying in evidence on his desk. Oh, yes, he will; and flick the fly off his bump of combativeness with it. Had the fly but known, it could have completed its toilet in peace on the bump of veneration. Mr. Wellman is not quite as sensitive in that locality. But I forgot. I don't believe we use the "black cap" in this country in sentencing murderers. Well, I'll let what's written remain as an illustration of how the gentleremain as an illustration of how the gentleman impressed me.

STEP UP, MR. BROOKE. I think it would be quite painful for Mr. Brooke to get real angry; he would so much rather be pleasant. He is so kindly and gracious. The good food he eats, the generous wine he drinks, seem to mellow his nature and smooth away the rough corners (if he ever had any) of his disposition. When he makes a point his manner infers that he considers the credit of it is due to the person who enabled him to make it. His weapons are hidden away, along with his reserve force. I was sorry to note a blunder or two of his in the matter of dates and consecutiveness of events. But when it comes to reciting rules, Mr. Brooke is unapproachable. The deferential, though convincing, way in which he says: "Your Honor, I must remind you of Rule 99, Vic. XXIV, when the judicial 'A' becomes 'An' before a bona fide vowel, or a collaterally silent 'h'."

His Honor-But, Mr. Brooke, that is not the question-Mr. Brooke—Pardon me, your Honor, if I seem to persistent. But you must remember that in the case of Roe vs. Doe it was decided "that it would henceforth be impossible to open a jackpot-the third time round-unless you held the keystone of the

His Honor, not seeing the point even then, made a remark which so hurt Mr. Brooke that he exclaimed: "Now, your Honor is wrong, as I can prove by Rule 39, for it is quite as legal for the ape of the wilderness to prove an alibi as for an habitually vulgar and impecunious tramp to engage the 'star' suite at the Waldorf."

And that settled it. I am very sorry I cannot remember the real true words of the rules quoted by Mr. Brooke. They were very erudite, I'm sure; quite above my

There's something very quiet and earnest about Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan. He took the snappish rebukes of the recorder in the most dignified and gentlemanly way. He possesses the only really pleasant voice I heard in the court room. I wonder men who have to speak in public do not think more of their voices. Mr. Wellman's is a piercing, high one, very distinct and easy | Puck. hear; but how tiresome it becomes! How it jars on one's ears! I noticed, also, a little all-round carelessness as to pronunciation. That might pass but for the assurance that we can always hear the best of English spoken at the bar, the pulnaturally look for it.

Of Course Not. Detroit Free Press. Now, for the prisoner. And in him I see any prisoner. It is a pitiful sight. He is James-Was that you I heard trying to the one man naked where all are clothed; unlock the door at 3 o'clock this morning? going to show—if anything bearing the the one man defenseless, where all are with great indignation—No, sir; it was not. from the start, has cherished a grudge

boarding in Indiana."
"Why not? Fine climate."

WEATHER-COCK HICKS

His Teachings and Predictions Tend to Discredit Science,

slightly rolling gait from side to side; who carries letters, opens doors, lights the gas, shakes hands with the policemen, opens or shuts windows, and is always eating something out of his pocket. And to Persuade People to Take Stock in Newly-Invented Fads-The Newspapers Responsible.

Making all proper allowance for the possible truth that the mission of the daily and weekly press as purveyors of current facts is still more or less handicapped by lingerlake propellers that spoke as they were passing Pointe Aux Barques, and his words were to this effect: "That is a queer coast over there, and don't you forget it." The ing superstitions and other phases of mossback conservatism, it seems to me that there is no valid reason why the metropolitan and local newspapers should be lendwould not forget it, providing the sailor man would tell him why the coast was irg their powerful support in maintaining in luxurious infamy that prince of charlatans, the Rev. Ira Hicks-self-styled and hitching his trousers, or shifting his quid, or self-scandalized prophet of contingent performing any of the nautical gymnastics attributed to his kind in the story books, "it wasn't exactly queer, perhaps, but it is Perhaps the editors and publishers of our

newspapers do not realize the extent to which they have, during the past year or "It was about six years ago that I was sailing on a lumber schooner, and just when we were about where we are now the two, aided this brazen crank in building up personal fame and fortune, mainly, of course, at the expense of the overcredulous captain 'discovered that our yawl was and ever guilible masses. And they doubtadrift. We had been towing it, and somehow the painter had parted or slipped, and there less fail to appreciate the degree to which they, as "molders of public sentiment and morals," are accountable for the ridiculous impostures which so often result in the exaltation of quacks of the Hicks variety, Finally, as I saw the old man was a good deal worked up over it. I volunteered to swim ashore and bring the yawl if he would run in as close as he could and anchor until and to the actual discredit of sound science and honest methods. For example, to what influence is due the fact that to-day the name of Ira Hicks is in everybody's gladly, and, as the water was warm, I thought I would have a first-rate swim, litmouth, while that of Richard Proctor is only known to the few? Whose fault is it if Proctor's valuable works on astronomy I stripped and lowered myself into the waare comparatively unknown, while the cirter. For a quarter of an hour it was mere culation of Hicks's personal organ is as wide as the country? Is not this state of things directly traceable to the liberal and gratuitous advertising bestowed on the latmake it hard for me to get back to the schooner after I got the boat I kept on, ter by the daily and weekly press of the land, while the former goes almost begging every moment. I tried every way I knew to rest my tired legs and arms. First I turned on my back and swam in that posifor the ordinary courtesies of journalism? I may say here that these facts are now so tion for awhile. Then I tried swimming on my side; then 'dog fashion,' and then float-ing. But all the time I was getting more and more worn out. I tried to signal the patent that no amount of mere adverse criticism can add to Hicks's illgotten fame, and that this is my excuse for giving him the superfluous benefit of a free review in this article, with the gracious consent of the daily Journal. Those who have seen and read the rev-

schooner, but my voice was so weak I could not make them hear, and they did not understand, as I afterward learned, my frantic motions. Besides, they could not have helped me, because they had no boat.

"I had swam about a mile, and was still a mile from the shore. Mechanically I kept erend humbug's paper are aware that its columns are mainly devoted to the discussion of future weather developments-the while maintaining a discreet silence touching comparative actual results and failures, barring only such occasional coincidences as would occur if the most bemy ears, and my thoughts went back over my past life, as I have heard drowning men's always do. I thought of my poor wife and children, and wondered how they nighted dupe of Thomas du Boulay were to play figurehead on the Hicksian tripod during one of the latter's loon-hunting va-HICKS'S METHODS.

> Accompanying his specious weather prophecies are elaborate and bombastic citations to planetary phases, lunar and stellar transits, equinoxes and other celestial and terrestial phenomena, reminding one of the unprofessional conjectures that appear annually in some of our almanacs, with the significant difference between the latter and the Hicksite prognostications that the almanac maker guesses to amuse his readers, while Hicks bases his prognoses on an alleged new departure in me-teorological science—a departure that he should dignify with the more appropri-ate title, meteoromancy, an obsolete system of weather divinations allied in class and character to the alchemy that (theoretically) changes the base metals into standard dollars, and the astrology that picks a husband for baby Esther before either of the "principals" are old enough to note the pleasing variations of the sexes. It will hardly do for the papers to poohpooh the matter, and say "nobody believes in Hicks." They might be surprised to learn of the veritable value of their own advertising in this particular instance. The writer has had an opportunity to observe the growth of Hicksism in the country districts:

> tricts; also, to some extent in the county towns. And it is a singular fact in connection with this new weather propaganda, that a large proportion of its proselytes are found among that fanatical politico-moral sect called Prohibitionists. Perhaps this incident is referable to the peculiar mental cident is referable to the peculiar mental constitution of these one-idea people. In conversation with an unusually interligent specimen of the Prohibition party, recently, the writer found him a subscriber to the Hicks periodical, a firm believer in the practical infallibility of the editor, and correspondingly dubious as to the reliability of the government weather service or ity of the government weather service or the soundness of the average text book of physical geography. Such, indeed, is one of the dangers to be apprehended from the pernicious teachings of Ira Hicksism. Its tendency is to cause its votaries to discredit recognized authorities and to take heavy stock in all newly-invented fads. This is notoriously one of the popular infatuations of the period-a predisposition-quite plain-ly observable among the Prohi-Hicksite reformers-to estimate the value of a theory according to the narrowness of its views,

their confidence in the same increasing according to the perpendicular altitude of its pretensions, and proportionately to the volume of its advocate's vociferative capacity while under stress of conviction.

Those who have calmly and conscientiously noted the capers of the weather during the past summer and then comduring the past summer, and then com-pared the record with Ira Hicks's foregone predictions, will observe discrepancies that would dislodge any faith not located too anteriorly among his countrymen—was considerate enough to impose on his stale-joke editor the additional task of "dashing off" a score or so of weather predictions. The writer took some pains to keep a weather diary during the month just closed-September, 1893. The Rev. Hicks's predictions for that month were pasted on the opening page. Without taking up space with de-tails, I will note some conspicuous discrepancies, and also such coincidental facts as may fairly accrue to his credit.

spicuously as being the most illiberal of them all. I do not charge the Rev. Joseph Cook with insincerity, but I charge him with having ill-profited by the conduct and the commands of the Master to whom he professes allegiance. Below are some of PUTTING HICKS TO THE TEST. Mr. Cook's utterances at the ministers' meeting yesterday morning. The presumption is that he was correctly reported, because of six papers which were represented at the meeting no one differe in the Hicks first announces: "Disturbances in progress at beginning of month will end in cooler weather by the 3d-storm conditions at the meeting no one differs in its report from the others in essential particulars. Mr. Cook, in answer to questions, said: will return on or about the 6th." The diary shows no "disturbances" anywhere in North "Theosophy is a combination of mist and moonshine. Mme. Blavatsky was a char-America "at beginning of month;" neither return of "storm conditions" or any indireturn of "storm conditions" or any indications during the first ten days of the
month. On the contrary, hot, dry weather
everywhere till about the 10th; then local
showers, continuing fitfully for a week, but
none of the "intensified disturbances due
about 11th to 15th," as predicted by Hicks.
At this point he warns us to look out for
the "electric crises of utumnal equinox,"
and "earthquakes and cyclonic storms—
probably." This last qualifier let out all
the earthquakes and cyclonic storms, which
failed to materialize anywhere on earth,
so far, at least, as the record goes. Hicks
winds up his predictions for the month in
the following melotragic style: "Keep "Christian science is incoherent mysti-cism. There is neither Christianity nor sci-ence about it." "The Sunday newspaper is streaked with At the religious parliament Mr. Cook found it necessary to say in the presence of hundreds of people representing many be-liefs, "There is but one creed." One is almost tempted, after reading statements like these, to wish that their author would shut up his scientific books, the following melotragic style: "Keep open eyes! The same causes, with Vulcan and Mercury added, will conspire for the fray at about 22d to 25th. Cool nights and frost north will follow. See! About 29th open his Bible and consider thoughtfully some observations upon charity made there-in by a rather good man, who, while he and 30th, warmer and stormy."

Here we note the only coincidence in the entire summary. After a few frosty nights—quite common, by the by, in the closing days of September—rain set in the night of never made any pretension to know as much as Mr. Cook, still said some pretty true things, that appear to have been without the range of Mr. Cook's recent reading. Moreover, suppose some of these glittering generalities which are quoted above possess more or less truth. Is any practical good more or less truth. Is any practical good accomplished by saying them at the times,

the 29th, and continued over the 30th. But Hicks says, "warmer and stormy." A true prophet might have said, "cool rains, with absence of stormy or violent conditions." An accurate statement was due the people, in view of the popular fear of anything warlike or "stormy." But, granting an apparent coincidence in the latter prediction, what becomes of the rest of Hicks's reck-less blundering? The devoted Hicksite, however, will carefully note the coincidence Angelina (anxiously)—Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?

Edwin (with cheerful conviction)—Not a bit. I tell you what. Angy, I miss it so little that if I were to lose you—a—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again.

Induction in the carry ignore the damaging discrepancies. This is the way a weather prophet's reputation is made. His adherents would sooner believe a sensational delusion than adopt a plain, commonplace fact.

Aside from the consideration of "special prognessies" there is one general fact that and as scrupulously ignore the damaging

Aside from the consideration of "special prognostics," there is one general fact that goes to prove Ira Hicks a pretender and charlatan. The past summer will be long remembered as recording one of the most widespread and prolonged droughts of modern times. Yet the Rev. Ira Hicks-with the golden opportunity of his life to make a reputation that the very gates of science could not have withstood-never gave the waiting world so much as a hint of it beforehand. Contrarywise, he predicted plenty of rain in July and August, and other strictly routine incidents; the whole

against the Democratic party, and so held back his great drought with a view of introducing it surreptitiously and coincidentally with the first Democratic year of the generation.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

JOHN C. OCHILTREE. Marion, Ind., Sept. 30

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN. Sympathy Might Have Been Expected from Any Wearer of Skirts.

New York Sun. A little young woman turned into West Twenty-sixth street from Seventh avenue on her way to eighth avenue about 8 a. m. yesterday. A jaunty hat surmounted her head and her dark gown was snugly fitted. Opposite the stables in the middle of the block, all at once her step began to falter and a look of despair came into her brown eyes. She gazed about like a hunted animal in search of a place of shelter, while her hands grabbed convulsively at her hips. A thin white line appeared at the bottom of

All at once her face lighted up as does a landscape when the sun breaks through the clouds. She had found a place of refuge. The area gate of a house near Eighth avenue, which she had now reached, stood invitingly open, and there was no gate at all to the recess under the stoop on which the basement door opened. The basement door, too, was open, and there was no one, as it proved, in the dark hall beyond. It was just the place to reclaim the refractory underskirt, and the girl hurried to the friendly shelter. Quickly as she had passed under the stoop, she had been seen by a big woman who was dusting the first floor hall. The big woman hurried down the steps and asked aggressively of the

young woman, who was struggling with her skirt in the basement hall: "What are you doing there?"
"I'm tightening my skirt, which had slipped down," answered the girl, completing the tightening process. "You've no business there. I'm not keeping a dressing room. I'll teach you to tresspass on my premises. I arrest you.

Come along." So saying, the big woman grabbed the girl by the throat and dragged her into the

"Let me go: I've done nothing wrong. Let me go to work; it's time I should be at the shop," remonstrated the girl as well as she could while nearly strangled. The big woman only tightened her grip on the girl's throat.

"I'll not let you go until a policeman comes. Making a dressing room of my house! Too many have done it, and I won't have it!"
While speaking she continued to drag the girl toward Eighth avenue, and looked up

and down that thoroughfare for a policeman. Apparently thinking she saw one in the direction of Twenty-fifth street, she started down the avenue with the girl. Now the spectacle of one woman having another by the throat is unusual in Eighth avenue, at any rate at 9 o'clock in the morning, and a crowd soon surrounded the two women. By the time they had reached Twenty-fifth street the crowd was so great that their further progress was barred. The crowd wanted an explanation, and when the big woman loosened her hold on her prisoner's throat, while telling of the trespass which had been committed, the younger woman took advantage of the opportunity to tell her side of the story. The portunity to tell her side of the story. The crowd believed her, and began to jostle and shove the big woman. A sympathizing woman in the crowd stuck pins into the big woman's arm to make her give up the hold which she still kept of her prisoner's neck. The big woman let her prisoner go in order to draw a rusty file from her pocket, with which she threatened the jostling crowd. This proved the prisoner's opportunity. She plunged through the crowd, which opened to let her pass, and then closed in behind her, and, hailing a horse car, was a moment later being carried out of her captor's reach later being carried out of her captor's reach up the avenue. The crowd prevented the big woman from following her, and, rub-

#### GOLD BULLION.

bing the arm into which the pins had been stuck, she returned to her home in Twenty-

The Interesting Process by Which It Is Refined and Made Into Coins.

sixth street.

New York Commercial Advertiser. Though the show of gold at the treasury in Washington is not impressive at the in Washington is not impressive at the first glance, one has more respect for it when the contents of the bags are enumerated. Stacked in heaps around the compartment referred to are ninety-eight sacks, each containing 1,000 yellow double eagles. Poured out on the floor they would make a very decent pile of glittering metal, representing altogether \$1,960,000. Besides these there are 469 bags, each holding 2,-500 shining eagles, or \$2,345,000 in all. Then there are 198 sacks, each containing 1,000 five-dollar pieces, of a total of \$5,990,000. Lastly, there are fifteen sacks, each filled to bursting with 1,000 of those annoying two-dollar-and-a-half pieces, which are so easily mistaken for cents that no more of them are to be coined by the mints. them are to be coined by the mints.
One of the most interesting sights in the

world is the refining of the raw gold bullion at the United States assay office on Wall street. Arriving there from the mines it is first melted to free it from all earthly matter and other foreign substances. Then a certain quantity of silver is added to it, and the mixture is immersed in a bath of nitric acid. The acid has no effect on the gold, but it dissolves the silver into a liquid which looks just like pure water. This limpid liquid is drawn off, leaving the gold at the bottom of the tub. The precious metal, thus purified, looks like so much fine red gravel. To get rid of all moisture it is subjected to pressure. On coming out of the squeezing machine sembling angel food cakes in form. These cakes are worth about \$25,000 each, and one could afford to pay \$2,000 for a slice of very

This is the material out of which the gold coins are made. The gold is melted in a crucible, from which it is dipped out with a ladle and poured into iron molds. When cooled the molds are unlocked and taken apart, the precious metal then appearing in the shape of what are termed "ingots." For the coinage one-tenth part of copper is mixed with the gold, but the government also makes a business of mangovernment also makes a business of manufacturing "merchants' bars" for the use of jewelers, gold-leaf makers and dentists, who require the virgin metal in their trades. Such bars are as near to perfect purity as can be, being 999 fine out of a possible 1,000. The government, while it makes a big profit by coining silver, gains nothing by minting gold pieces, the intrinsic value of which is equal to their face. There is always some loss by wasting, too. The sweepings of the Philadelphia mint globe sell for \$22,000 appually. alone sell for \$23,000 annually.

THE MEADE NUGGET.

A Boston Merchant Who Has Had More than His Share of Bad Luck. San Francisco Chronicle.

A dirty-looking chunk of gold, weighing 241-10 ounces, and valued at something over \$400, was brought to this city a couple of days ago by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, and by them turned over to Prof. Price, the well-known chemist and assayer. In the camp where it was found it was known as the Meade nugget, after the man who discovered it. The nugget was picked up by Meade when he was barefooted and dead broke. George Meade was one of the most pros-

perous merchants in Boston less than four years ago, with a fond wife and three pretty little children to brighten his life. His first stroke of bad luck came when his store was burned out, the fire leaving him almost penniless. Then his wife was taken sick, and Meade was advised to take her to Colorado, in the hope that the change would do her good, but she died the day she reached Denver.

Almost heartbroken, Meade laid her beneath the ground, and then secured a position as clerk in a store. Inside of a year his three children sickened and died, and then the bereaved man attempted to end his life with a dose of poison, but the attempt failed, and he left Denver and sought to bury his grief in the mining

Luck seemed against him, and he could neither secure steady employment nor make a living prospecting. From Colorado he drifted into New Mexico and Arizona, and finally reached Wilcox, more dead than

Here he secured a job at dish-washing, but was only at work one day when the place changed hands and the new proprietor told him to hunt another job. Finding nothing to do in Wilcox, Meade started

for the new Don Cabaso placer diggings. He reached the camp barefooted and hun-gry, and would have had to sleep under a bush, with the sky for a blanket, but for the kindness of an old miner, who shared his supper and blankets with him. After breakfast next morning the miner gave Meade a pick, pan and shovel and told him to try his luck. Meade did so, and the very first stroke of the pick turned out a nugget that made Meade's eyes almost start out of his head. Meade

showed the prize to his friend, and the latter advised him to take up a claim on the spot, which he did. Inside of ten days the two men took out \$1,900 in coarse gold. A Joke of the Season. Lowell Courier.

Women who now attend church simply to show their cloaks are sacque-religious.